



Copyright, 1915  
by  
George Grant Morrison  
Toledo, Ohio  
U.S.A.

© CLA 401146

MAY 27 1915

No. 1.

19350515  
01551915

## FOREGLEAM

Recently, the Kaiser bestowed upon one of his subjects, high official decoration and many evidences of marked favor for having written Germany's Prayer of Hate.

Perhaps this is irrefragible proof of that super-eminent state of *Culture*, claimed as justification for Germanic World Dominion.

Readers will recognize in the inclosed Prayer, the quotations appearing in italics.

---

Recently, complete investigations, supported by chemical and microscopical tests, conclusively disclosed the use by the Germans of concealed phosphorous within their shrapnel and shells. This horrible, insidious poison immensely accentuates and prolongs the sufferings of the wounded, making their recovery impossible even after dismissal from the hospitals; the bones and tissues slowly withering in long lingering death in life;—the motive being to prevent the return of the wounded to active service.

Such Germanic savagery is merely in accord with its violation of *all* the internationally adopted rules of Warfare, and of which Germany is the leading Signatory.

# HIS PRAYER OF HATE

BY

GEORGE GRANT MORRISON

THE great cathedral trembles with the organ's  
thundering tones  
Of surging, vibrant melody, its soul of  
grandeur owns;  
And sweet and clear, so rich and full  
the Gloria ascends,  
It seems a choir of angels with the  
mortal chorus blends;  
But thousands there that strive to check the  
tears and still the pain,  
Are swayed in muffled sobbing for their  
dear amid the slain;  
Their own among the millions slaughtered —  
as the price of hate,  
So enthroned Greed and Vanity may  
rule in vaster State.

THE Royal Paranoiac sits apart in  
sumptuous chair,  
But on that insane visage naught of holy  
calm is there;  
And as the preacher's earnest words implore  
the Throne of Grace,  
For Love Divine to hallow all within  
that sacred place,  
The monarch sitting there aloof, assumes a  
sullen gaze,  
That deepens to a glare of hate — the  
while the pastor prays:  
Then he too, breathes a prayer, but silently  
with mind aflame,  
A Prayer of Hate, invoking dread  
.: fulfillment in God's Name.

**W**AR'S greatest Master of the Past, proclaimed  
that on the side  
Of heaviest battalions, God, Thou ever art  
allied:  
Am I not greater far, than he whose armies,  
as to mine  
Were absurd fractions of my hosts? — my  
glories grander shine!  
And since my arms are heaviest, why fail  
I then to crush  
These English, whose “contemptible small forces”  
make me blush?  
*“Oh, God! I hate, how I do hate this England” —*  
whom I jeer!  
*“I have one foe, and one alone; ‘tis England” —*  
whom I fear!

**M**Y hate is as all poisons, merged; I hate  
like fires of hell:  
Yea, I shall place dread phosphorus concealed  
in shot and shell,  
So that the wounded enemy will know  
a thousand deaths  
In lingering, wasting agonies, before their  
final breaths:  
But “French and Russian matter not; I have  
one foe alone!”  
My “Battle is of bronze and steel,” with  
poisons all my own:  
*“I hate with head; I hate with hand;*  
*I hate with hammer, crown;”*  
But why cannot this hammering hate,  
strike hated England down?

**A**GAIN the organ rumbles into floods of  
richest sound;  
New souls of hearing waken, touched  
by new crescendos found:  
Then bursts the anthem, “Praise to God  
from whom all blessings flow:”  
The Kaiser glowers still with hate —  
“Plunge England into woe!”  
“My empire, over all, supreme: the world’s  
dominion mine:  
Such is my bounden right, for I am  
nearest God, divine!”  
In crazed blaspheming vanity, his soul  
to hell is pawned;  
Shall God stay mocked by such a mind  
from deep perdition spawned?

*A Nation  
—like as an individual—  
may be  
Insane!*

*P o w e r*  
is built upon a stupendous basis  
of innumerable fools.

0 015 909 675 0